
UP THE HILL AND OVER

CHAPTER I

"From Wimbleton to Wombleton is fifteen miles,

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"From Wombleton--to Wimbleton--is fif--teen miles!"

THE cheery singing ended abruptly with the collapse of the singer upon a particularly inviting slope of grass. He was very dusty. He was very hot. The way from Wimbleton to Wombleton seemed suddenly extraordinarily long and tiresome. The slope was green and cool. Just below it slept a cool, green pool, deep, delicious—a swimming pool such as dreams are made of.

If there were no one about—but there was some one about. Further down the slope, and stretched at full length upon it, lay a small boy. Near the small boy lay a packet of school books.

The wayfarer's lips relaxed in an appreciative smile.

"Little boy," he called, somewhat hoarsely on account of the dust in his throat, "little boy, can you tell me now far it is from here to Wimbleton?"